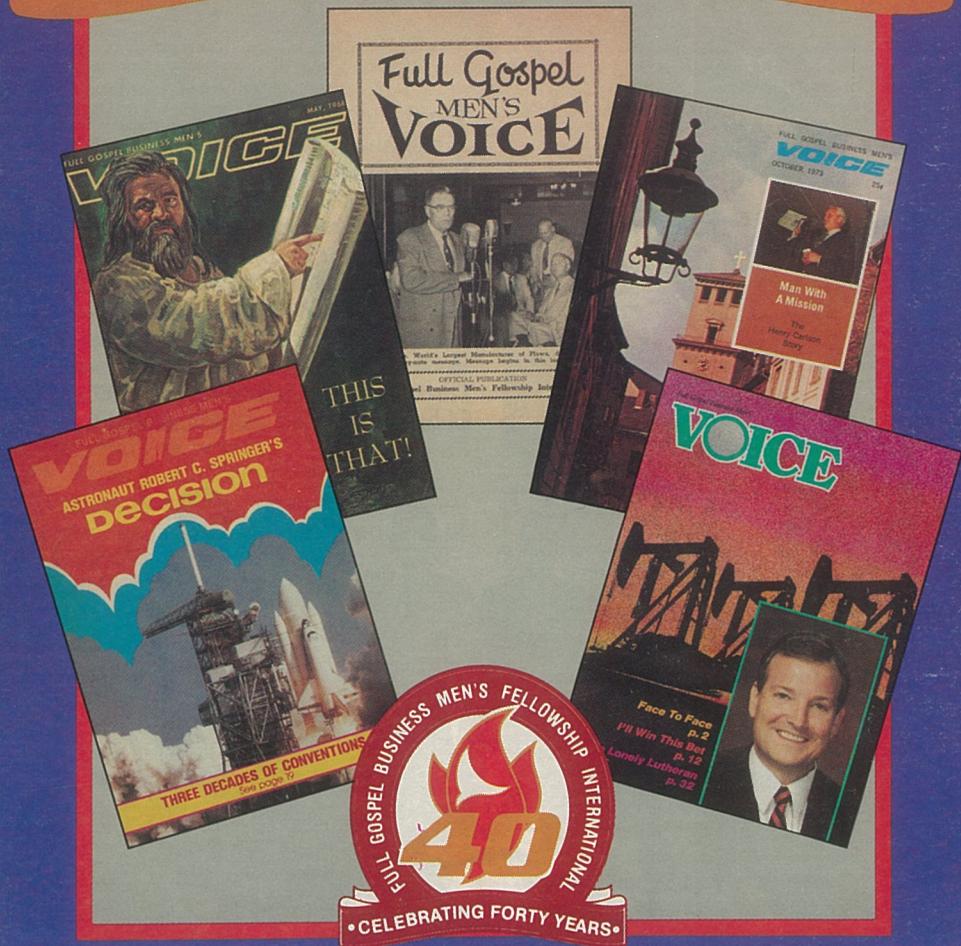


Full Gospel Business Men's

# VOICE



FOUR DECADES OF FELLOWSHIP

# OUR *Fabulous* FORTY

***Voice* magazine  
is officially dedicated  
February 7, 1953.**

In the initial issue of *Voice* magazine published in February, 1953, Demos Shakarian wrote the following statement: "Saturday morning, February 7, 1953 was a momentous day for the Fellowship, for on this date, at the breakfast-broadcast in Los Angeles, the first issue of *Full Gospel Business Men's Voice*, our official publication, was dedicated to the service of the Lord. Throughout the dedication the wonderful blessing of God was so manifest that





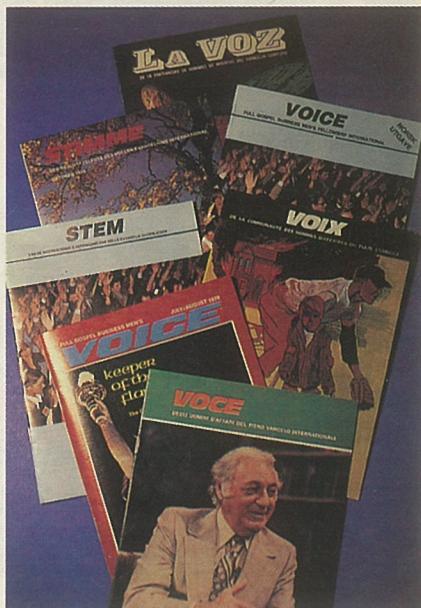
there was no mistaking that *Voice* had divine approval.

“Following the going forth of the first issue, requests for additional copies have come from far and near. Groups in various parts of the country are wanting to affiliate with the International. These local chapters will be established as rapidly as possible.”

From that initial printing of 1000 copies, now *Voice* magazine 40 years later has grown to a regular printing of hundreds of thousands of copies each month all across the world in 25 different languages.

As someone has said: “As goes *Voice* so goes the Fellowship.” In the past the rapid growth of the Fellowship around the world which caused it to become the life blood of the Charismatic Renewal, has been punctuated by thousands of testimonies telling how lives have been changed: born again, filled with the Holy Spirit, experienced divine healing, etc. as they read *Voice* magazine.

*Voice* has spawned such additional publications as *Vision*, *View*, *Set Free*, *Charisma Digest*, *The Denominational Series* and many more. ■



***Voice* magazine regularly prints hundreds of thousands of issues each month in 25 different languages worldwide. It has also been instrumental in the establishment of other outreach publications.**

*From November, 1953*

Henry Krause  
Hutchinson, Kansas

**I FOUND  
THE SOURCE  
OF TRUTH**

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## PART I

As I write I fully realize my inability to express the desire of my soul: only to direct all thoughts of the reader to what Christ will do with a human soul, and not what man does. I am not an educated man and all that I know is what I have learned by experience through which our Lord has taken me.

As far back as I can remember we lived on a farm. My parents were very poor. Father was a sick man all the time I knew him. He had a lot of medicines, and would try different ones to see which would help him. So I had to stay home and work. I had attended a country school, and reached the fourth grade. I could not even read good.

We went to a Mennonite country church. They wanted me to be saved. But they had a test system to try the new converts before the church to see if they were saved according to their way of thinking. This scared me. I also could not understand why we didn't see the miracles of which the Bible tells us.

My early impression was that work was a real burden. I would observe when people gathered at church or picnics their chief topic of discussion was the plowing season and how they should take care of the horses. All plowing was done with two or three horses. Within me I just knew that could be made easier. The steam tractor had just come into existence for threshing, although most of the threshing was done with horse power.

I would make all kinds of toys out of what I could find on the farm. I set up farm models, and a steam tractor with a big plow, and the country church

and school were nearby.

As I grew up I was a creature of "want." I always wanted something. Because I had no schooling, that was intensified in me. I had a mechanical mind and had to know how one wheel could turn another. I just had to know why we knew certain things. So I began to teach myself. I would look, listen, read, feeling there was something to know—to achieve, that would satisfy. I talked very little, but did a lot of thinking, most of it on mechanical lines.

I would listen to and observe successful men, and pattern my life after them, reasoning that they should know or they would not be successful. I did not stop to think whether they really knew the Truth. I would accept the things that sounded good and fit my nature, even though sometimes I knew it was wrong. Those I didn't like I rejected, even though sometimes I knew it was the Truth.

I began to take a public stand on such issues as I had accepted. This went to extremes. Then I found out that some of the successful men with whom I had taken a stand were wrong. This was discouraging, and put me to shame. It was also confusing. I wondered, who could I believe? I lost confidence in people. I accused others for my own mistakes. I became jealous of successful people. I hardly believed in or trusted anybody. I thought the whole world was against me. Life was miserable. All I did failed. I was broke, in debt, sick, ignorant, dumb, stupid. People would have very little to do with me.

During all this I attended the Baptist

church and did what they wanted me to do. I had very little concern about the religious life, and the Lord didn't mean much to me.

Some peculiar people came to town. They set up a tent for gospel meetings. There was wonderful singing and a very interesting speaker. So we began to go and listen. After a few days they prayed for the sick, and we saw they were healed. I had been taught healing was in apostolic days, and here we were seeing it for ourselves! So I was wrong again because I had accepted what successful men had taught. A great concern came over me. Who could I believe? This was like the Bible, and the thinking of my youth.

One night as I lay down to rest a great darkness overtook me, and whether in the body or not, God alone knows, but the stars moved out of my way as I ascended till the Glory of Heaven surrounded me. And lest I should fail in my effort to explain this—God did not give me words with which to describe the glory thereof—I shall not attempt to convey the beauty of Heaven.

As I felt myself coming back to life, I noticed I was talking—something I did not understand—a heavenly language. From my mouth poured out the praises of God, till I became conscious that something in me was talking. Oh! How I loved and worshipped the Lord, and I was filled with a feeling of the sweetest peace. I actually felt that I was clean. When I walked it seemed as though I did not touch the ground.

For a few days I tried to make up my mind how it all came about. This was new to me. I wondered, in my ignorance and lack of knowledge.

One morning as I was getting up I noticed a light in the sky moving about and coming closer. As it came closer I noticed it was a sheet held by a hand at the four corners, and as it was about to touch me the sheet burst at the bottom, and a Person fell out and entered into me, and stayed.

Then, I saw the Lord Jesus standing on a cloud dressed in a silver-white robe with a blood-red vesture over His right shoulder, holding His right hand toward me, and with His left hand on His heart. Just the look on His face expressed holiness, humbleness, understanding, sweet compassion, and was full of charity. As He began to move up, a great fear came over me. It seemed as though I saw many souls going up to Him. I grabbed for my wife, and then realized that it was a vision.

After this I had several outstanding visions and experiences. These thoroughly settled me and taught me the reality of our Lord, just like the Bible. The Bible seemed a new book to me.

Then, after many trials and disappointments, one night I had a dream. I cannot now give the full details of it, but during part of it I was talking in tongues, giving the interpretation and speaking in prophecy, and praying very earnestly. Then I saw a load of hay coming down the road; it was such a big load that it took all the road. Somehow I got on the load, and the driver, in a very hard, commanding voice said: "Get off of here," and I slid off the back.

After that I seemed to be in a dark room with no windows, only one door. I was in a corner away from the door, and as I started to go out there stood a person before me with a black robe

over him. I tried to go around him as he guarded me. I tried every way of escape, but he withstood me. I fought till I was completely exhausted, and he had me in a corner. As he advanced toward me I made one lunge toward him and caught him by both of his wrists, just above the hand, and he fell all to pieces. He was just a skeleton of bones with a black robe over him.

At that moment my wife screamed with a loud voice: "Hallelujah, Praise

the Lord," which woke her up. I woke up, too, and realized it had been a dream. I was wringing wet with sweat, and so completely worn out that I could hardly recover.

Gradually a great understanding and a power of reasoning came over me. I had come to myself. I realized there were two classes of people; because I had seen Jesus. He said, "The Truth shall make you free." I had been in captivity, but Jesus, the Truth, set me free!



*An aerial view of the Krause Plow Corporation, the largest manufacturer of plows in the world, in Hutchinson, Kansas, circa 1953.*

## PART II

**T**he realization and understanding that the Lord had opened up to me began to work out in my life. I lived in revelation as I understood how the Lord reveals truths to His people. We must know the truth at its original place, and must know why we know. Truth comes by Jesus Christ, so God is the original Source of Truth.

I began to tell of my experiences of how we can know people by how they weigh the Truth and that we can get understanding from the Lord by medi-

tating and weighing the Truth ourselves, and acting upon it. People could not understand me, and would not accept it. This caused me many trials and misunderstandings. The pastor did not like me, so he put me out of the church and forbade me to go there. The Spirit of the Lord told me this was the load of hay off of which I had been ordered in my dream. Jeremiah 31:33, 34 now was real Scripture to me: The Lord will be in us, we shall know Him!

My wife and family stayed at the Assembly, and as they contended with her, she and the children turned against

me. The pastor forbade the people even to talk to me. It was very discouraging. For five years I attended the Four-square Church. The people there liked me and I was a teacher there.

I could not figure out what had happened to me, why I knew all these things, yet people would not accept me.

One morning, just as I was getting up, the Lord said, "I have given thee the tongue of the learned to speak a word of comfort to the one weary in the way." The love of God just flooded my soul, and I praised and worshipped the Lord.

When our business began to grow, I began to give—in secret. I did not care to make money. I woke up one morning and I did not know if I had dreamed it or not, but I had seen a great multitude of people. It seemed they gave nothing to the Lord, and He was going to use me to get money from them and build churches.

I had a small foundry and machine shop and made plows. Our business grew and spread over the country. In those days a man with a tractor would plow 20 to 30 acres a day. I made a plow that cut 15 feet to a swath pulled by the same tractor, and a man would plow over 100 acres a day. This completely changed the method of plowing, and saved the farmer over 30 percent of the cost. Whereas farmers had been raising 15 to 25 bushels of wheat to the acre they now raised 25 to 40 bushels per acre because they were farming better. The sale of this plow ran into millions of dollars.

We began helping many people in Bible schools, and began to help churches, whatever their need was. In

this we experienced many disappointments, so we arranged a Revolving Fund with the Assemblies of God at Springfield, Missouri. This fund has spread over the country. How much good it has done I cannot estimate. In mission work, we have helped from Cuba to Australia.

One of the Truths that seemed to work out in my life is that there are two classes of people. Some live only by hearsay, tradition, assumption and imagination. I was once in that class. The other class must know the Truth at its original source, and know why they know. I am now in this class.

When you get original Truth you have confidence, because no man can change a Truth. It gives you faith in God. It gives you confidence in people. You just know people. When you know them you can lead them. They have confidence in you. You have power with people. They become a part of you. The more you do for others the more they do for you. This thing becomes so real you just live it, and when you live a thing it is effective. You create an influence. It takes the Lord to teach us these things.

I have learned by experience that our Lord can do anything. He said, "All power in Heaven and Earth is given to Me." He then also said, "Heaven and Earth will pass away." He can take a dumb, stupid and ignorant person, and give him understanding. He will live in us. He will give us faith in Him. He will heal our bodies. I was a captive and He set me free. There is nothing more precious that can come to a soul than His Presence. I know Him, for I have found Him, the Source of Truth! ■

# My God Can Do Anything

Jewel Rose, International Director of FGBMFI, and his wife Florence, were called home February 16, 1968.

They were on their way to one more evangelistic meeting, the pastor riding with them in the front seat of their automobile. They were negotiating a rain and wind-swept crossing when another car from out of the mists struck their auto on the left, next to the driver's seat.

With an awe-filled voice, an officer who hurried to the scene said he could not understand it, but when he arrived the pastor had been thrown to the car floor, but Mr. and Mrs. Rose were leaning back against the front seat in apparent perfect comfort, with no sign of violence visible on their persons. Their

arms were linked as if they were walking peacefully down a narrow pathway together—even as they had walked together in life for 43 years.

For the first seven or eight years of married life they had not been so "equally yoked together" because

Jewel Rose, at 33 years of age, had never had any interest in God, nor His house, nor His work, nor His Word or people. He was a rancher, and he worked seven days a week. His wife,

Florence, was a Methodist, faithfully taking their two children to Sunday morning worship. Up to that time the fact that he had been the object of many and sincere prayers by his wife and other church people, had not made any impression upon this giant of a man.



## The Story Of Jewel Rose

However, no one could ever say that Jewel Rose wasn't a good neighbor. When their friends, the Lorings, had the misfortune to have their car refuse to run on the evening the family had prepared to attend a revival, they asked Mr. Rose if he would please drive them down to the meeting. He couldn't graciously refuse, nor could he avoid sitting in the back of the church during the sermon.

That revival occurred in June—a busy season for ranchers and cotton growers. On June 28, 1933, Jewel was on his tractor in the middle of his cotton field, smoking his ever-present corn-cob pipe, having had his usual bit of wine to start off the day right. But this morning was different. Somehow, he felt uncomfortable. A number of people were even then praying that God would save his soul, but of course he was totally unaware of that fact. The strange feeling within his innermost being changed from one of discomfort to one of fear. He recalled some of the scriptures the evangelist had expounded. Suddenly, he became awfully aware that, if he should die right then, he was *not* prepared to meet God.

Jewel Rose was nothing if not direct, once his mind was made up. Being convinced he was a lost sinner, he immediately moved to rectify the situation. Sliding down off his tractor, he dropped to his knees and cried out to God to save his soul. And there, in the middle of his cotton field, kneeling beside his tractor, he became a new creature in Christ Jesus—the old man had passed away and the new-born Christian emerged.

Jewel didn't work any more in the

field that day, because he had a bit of housecleaning to do. He threw away his pipe and tobacco, got rid of his wine, he and Florence laid plans for family worship together with the children, and Jewel began to earnestly seek the baptism in the Holy Spirit. The following month God graciously and copiously baptized him in the Holy Spirit, and at the next election he was chosen a deacon of the church.

In 1953, the first year of the formation of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, Jewel was elected an International Director. He had heard God's call to service and answered it gladly. Here in the Fellowship—a group of Christian businessmen—laymen dedicated to the winning of souls—Jewel Rose was right at home.

Immediately following his conversion he read in his Bible the words of Jesus: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and *all these things* shall be added unto you." He didn't yet know what "all these things" consisted of; but he did know that having been blessed of the Lord and his ranch crops having grown in size and quality until his "storehouse" was literally running over and his bank balance rising, that he must give to the Lord abundantly even as the Lord had heaped abundance upon him and his family. So he began to give, more, and more, and yet more. He learned, as many a Christian has learned, that "you just can't out-give God!" He found it unnecessary to work in the fields seven days a week. In fact, he found it possible to attend the FGBMFI conventions and many chapter meetings, and to fulfill his duties as International Secretary-Trea-

surer of the Fellowship.

Perhaps it was a repetition of the story of Job, in a way. Perhaps Satan “the accuser of the brethren” told God if He would stop blessing Jewel and Florence Rose they wouldn’t be so eager to serve Him—that maybe if Jewel



*FGBMFI founder/president Demos Shakarian listens as Jewel Rose dynamically addresses an early chapter meeting.*

wasn’t enjoying such good health he wouldn’t be so keen about traipsing about the country preaching.

This we do not know—but we do know that on October 23, 1959, while walking over one of his ranches, down near the cattle pens, Jewel was stricken with a clot on his brain and fell where he was—alone, as far as human help was concerned. But God was there, and He spoke to Sgt. Glen D. Holt of the Shafter, California police department (Jewel’s son-in-law) and impressed upon him that he should go to the ranch, seven and one-half miles away, and see if everything was all right. Not finding Jewel around any of the buildings, he began a search. He found him, in a semi-conscious condition, lying

beneath a farm feed wagon. From his training as a police officer, Sgt. Holt recognized the seriousness of the situation and hurried the stricken man to a hospital in Bakersfield, California.

Doctors and nurses worked feverishly, using all the medical knowledge and equipment available in the hospital in an effort to save the life that was so nearly snuffed out. After giving him up for dead four times, and after he utterly failed to respond to even an extreme flooding of oxygen, the doctor in charge told Rev. Ray J. Smith to prepare the family, waiting outside. “Because,” said the doctor, “this is it.”

There is not better way to tell what happened next than to put it into the words of Jewel Rose himself, as many of us have heard him tell it:

“I saw myself going up a long straight, narrow way with the Lord. On my left was church after church and between the churches were fields filled with multitudes of people standing in darkness, weeping and wailing, with their hands lifted high. Oh, what a terrible sight it was! As I walked and watched the Lord spoke to me and said: ‘This is the way it will be in the last days, multitudes crying to get in but cannot.’ I looked to my right, and there was not one soul.

“Eventually we came to a Beautiful Gate and I started to walk inside. The Lord said, ‘Not yet. You’ll have to go back.’ He turned me around and began leading me back the way we had come. The previous scene had shifted to my left, with no one on my right. I asked the Lord why all the people were on the left and no one on the right. He replied: ‘My sheep are on the right side

and the lost are on the left. I came to seek and to save the lost!"

For five and one-half days Jewel remained unconscious. He stated afterward that he remembered Demos Shakarian, Herbert Bonham and others coming in, having driven all the way from Los Angeles to pray for his recovery. He recalled they told him thousands of others all over the nation had been praying ever since the word went out that Jewel had been stricken, that the doctors could do nothing more, and that only the power of God could save him.

The flooding of oxygen, in a last desperate effort to save his life, had burned his throat and infection had already set in, making it almost impossible to swallow or speak. The medical men explained to those present that no one could experience that which had happened to Jewel and not have their brain and throat seriously afflicted. "It's just not in the books!" the doctor exclaimed. Returning to a semi-conscious state at that moment, Jewel heard that last remark and weakly whispered: "*It's in the Big Book, Doc!*"

Indeed the promise *is* in the "Big Book"—the promise of God to His people—a promise that Jewel Rose laid hold of and, even in semi-consciousness, clung to as did his family, his church, and the entire Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. Their prayers never ceased to ascend to the Throne of God, and at one o'clock in the morning the Lord made His presence known in that hospital room. As Jewel often testified, "The Lord came into my hospital room and woke me and said, 'My God can do anything!' I was instantly healed!"

How often we have heard Jewel reaffirm that statement. When times have been difficult and problems seemed almost insurmountable, his great voice has boomed forth in perfect faith: "My God can do anything!"

Still cautious, his doctor requested he remain in the hospital until certain tests could be made. To this Jewel agreed, saying he would stay right there, take all the required tests, and wouldn't even ask to leave until the doctor said he had been healed by God and could go home.

Every test proved him completely healed. His doctor said he could go home, but added: "I *know* you were on the other side, but I do not know why you are back! My advice would be that you do whatever your Lord wants you to do!"

Jewel, with Florence close by his side, took that advice literally. They called their two sons, Willard and Ray, and told them the ranch business was all theirs—that they should take what stock they wanted and sell the rest.

"The balance of my days belong to God," Jewel explained. "He has brought me back to the world for a purpose. I have no other desire in life than to see men and women, boys and girls saved, born into the Kingdom of God, and kept by His Word."

Jewel and Florence were immediately busy about the Master's business. It was only 95 days since Jewel had left the hospital but the promise of God was with them, and they went—and went—and went—until they had traveled hundreds of thousands of miles for one purpose only—to carry the Gospel message to everyone they could reach.

When the Fellowship was in need of someone to fill the position of Administrator at International Headquarters in 1964, Jewel agreed to take over “temporarily” only. But somehow the months slipped by until nearly *two years* had passed—and Jewel was still



*Jewel and Florence Rose attend a celebration in their honor.*

doing the work of two men—still preaching and serving at Los Angeles International Headquarters. He never seemed to be too weary to spend another hour for the Lord. He always said he never worried one whit, because God had called him back for a purpose—that when his task was done God would know and would call him home—that until his work was completed he was convinced that nothing in this world could stop or alter the plan of God. Every moment of those “bonus years” of his life rested in God’s hand. With the Apostle Paul he was “...persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other thing

shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

However, in 1966 Jewel began to feel very keenly that he should be giving his full time to preaching. He resigned as administrator, and also as International Secretary-Treasurer and he and Florence set out on the “Gospel trail” across the country.

They were so happy in evangelistic work, those two who had become so dear, not only to FGBMFI—not only to members of their own church and community—but to many thousands across the country where they ministered.

A few weeks before the call of the Lord came, Jewel remarked casually one day that he felt his work was about done and he would be “going home soon.” When Florence insisted that if he was going, she wanted to go too, he replied simply: “Well, Mamma, God is able to take care of those things.”

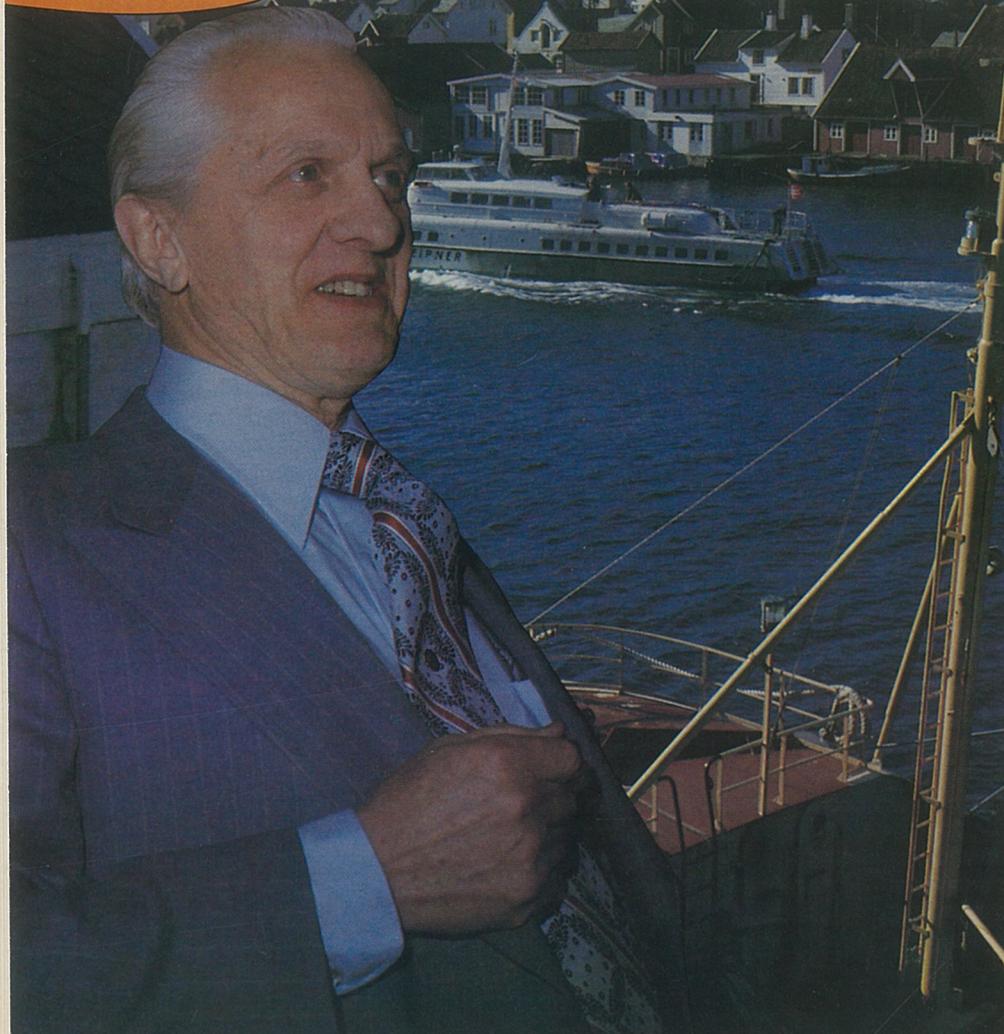
God did take care, and did call them—not one at a time, but together. As they had reaped together faithfully, so they were privileged to carry their sheaves home and lay them down at Jesus’ feet—together.

The challenge of their lives still comes to each of us from beyond the balustrades of Heaven. The need for dedicated workers is great! The time is shortening when we can work. The shadows across the world are lengthening and deepening. Again we hear the same ringing call Florence and Jewel heard: “Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?”

Who will answer as joyfully as they did: “Here am I; send me!” ■

# MAN *with a* MISSION

From October, 1973



“Go! Go! Go!” Those were the startling and thought-provoking words in the prophecy that came forth a good many years ago when we were attending a Pentecostal convention in Canada. Neither I nor my wife, Vi, comprehended its full meaning.

There were other things contained in that surprising prophecy, all of which eventually came to pass, but it was a number of years before we understood the meaning of those words, “Go! Go! Go!” although we often pondered over them.

I had been brought up in the Baptist church and believed I knew the Lord—until that meeting in Chicago’s Paul Rader Tabernacle when I was about 12 years old. I was there with another fellow my age. The meeting was coming to a close when an old man with a long beard turned around in the seat ahead of me and asked if we didn’t want to give our hearts to the Lord. We went forward and met Jesus Christ as our Saviour. The evangelist was F.F. Bosworth; and I was subsequently healed of a severe asthmatic condition during that same campaign.

Immediately following conversion I became quite active in the Tabernacle work, especially with the boys—the Tab Scouts, we called them. Within a couple of years I began working with a class of boys and continued in that work all through my teen years.

Then I met Vi, who came from a Pentecostal home and belonged to a Pentecostal church. When we got married I felt that, because of my activities in the Baptist church and my lack of understanding about the baptism in the Holy Spirit, we should continue in

the Baptist church, which we did.

However, I gradually began to develop a real hunger in my heart for a deeper experience with God, which I was told could be mine through the Baptism. Thus we eventually left the Baptist church and began attending the Philadelphia Church, a Pentecostal assembly. There I immediately became active as teacher of a boys’ Sunday school class.

During this time I often went with the pastor to ministerial conferences. There was a deep desire within my heart to find an avenue of deeper service. I believe the Lord was preparing me for the day when I would become involved with Full Gospel Business Men’s Fellowship International.

Soon after Vi and I married, the stock market crashed and we found ourselves on the threshold of the Great Depression. I lost the steady job I had in a lettering shop. As a result, my father built me a workbench and I went to work with the determination to make a business for myself. I was happy in it, though it was a financial struggle—one week our entire income was about two dollars. My wife, a bit discouraged, asked me why I didn’t go out and try to get a job. Without even thinking I replied, “I will never again work for anyone.” I was determined to complete the thing I had started, and God has certainly blessed through the years I have been in business.

However, up until the time I became connected with FGBMFI the thought troubled me that perhaps going into business was a mistake—that I should have gone into full-time Christian work. But the minute I got into the Fellowship it became apparent what God was doing through laymen in these last days.

I am in the display business—Carlson Displays, Inc.—in Chicago. God has prospered us—our property covers almost a square block—with a steady and solid growth. We also became involved in building and real estate projects—a breadth of activity I had never dreamed possible.

Then the Lord put it on my heart to so arrange my business that I could be free to travel—and He showed me how to do it. I hired one of my younger brothers, a good mechanic and superintendent for the shop, who took more and more responsibility as the years went by. Now I am in a position where I can leave and go wherever the Lord directs. Looking back, I can see where God was preparing me step by step for the things He has now called me to do.

One day a former pastor of Philadelphia Church came down from Edmonton, Alberta, Canada to be with us for a meeting, and told of the mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit taking place in that area. I hadn't heard much about laying on of hands, prayer for the sick, or prophecy, even though we attended a Pentecostal church. He opened the Scriptures to us on the teaching of the "latter rain" and told us they were having their first convention in Edmonton. Immediately my wife and I determined not to miss that convention.

We walked into a church filled with ministers. I saw God pour out His blessing upon these men—saw discouragement turn to vital power for victory. Oh, how God did touch hearts! It was as though a great store of power had been just waiting for yielded, seeking lives into which it could be poured. The entire week was like a preview of what God was

going to do in our generation.

It was in that convention that God dealt very strongly with me, and I was completely changed. It was wonderful to stand in the midst of such glory and blessing. There was prophecy over those called to the mission fields. There was praise and singing in the Spirit, and manifestations of the gifts of the Spirit. However, that did not prevent the enemy from trying to dissuade me. Suddenly the spirit of fear hit me. It was like a black cloud coming down out of the sky and enveloping me. I was confused and desperate and didn't know what to do.

Toward the end of the convention they asked us forward for prayer. I was happy to go, but my wife was frightened. As we fell to our knees, those men laid their hands on us and began to pray in tongues and prophesy. One thing that gave me direction regarding FGBMFI was a prophecy that said, "Go! Go! Go!" I wondered what that meant! It said to go—but go *where*?

During the years that followed, Vi and I would often wonder just what those words meant. As the years progressed, everything voiced in the prophecy that night came to pass in *both* our lives—save the final instruction, "Go! Go! Go!"

During those years in the Philadelphia Church we had earnestly sought the Baptism. It seemed we had come so close so many times, yet it never had been given us. One day, as we were attending a meeting at Camp Epworth and I was sitting in the empty tabernacle in between meetings with a fellow named Rudy Jacobson, telling him about my problem, he said, "Hank, you're under the anointing. It's just a matter of time."

His words struck me forcibly; I had

never thought of it in that way. When I got home that night I dropped to my knees and began to pray. All of a sudden something began to bubble up from within and I began to speak very softly in a heavenly language.

**“It was as though a great store of power had been just waiting for yielded, seeking lives into which it could be poured.”**

At first my wife doubted I had received, because she didn't hear anything. But she was soon convinced. During a prayer meeting the following evening the Spirit of God came upon me and I shouted until they heard me all over the place!

Not long after that I received a telephone call from a friend in California, informing me that God was doing tremendous things in the lives of businessmen, and that I simply *must* come and see what was happening. It sounded so exciting that evangelist Clair Hutchins and I hopped a plane for Los Angeles and the first international convention of FGBMFI. We saw the Spirit of God being poured out and people shouting and praising the Lord. The minute I walked into that meeting it enveloped me and thrilled me with its warmth. I exclaimed, “This is it! This is the very same Spirit we felt up in Canada!”

I didn't know any of those men then. I had never met Demos Shakarian. But from that moment on I have been active in FGBMFI. I began by taking back to

Chicago a report of what was happening in Los Angeles, and a group of us immediately established a chapter there.

Then I began to travel with Demos and Cliff Ford, helping establish chapters and conducting conventions. Men were calling from everywhere and I was on the go a great deal. The fire was spreading faster than we could travel.

One day I came home from the office and told Vi of my plans for another trip. My wife is wholeheartedly for the Fellowship and has never criticized my traveling for it, but all of a sudden that day she stamped her foot and said, “Go! Go! Go!” The moment she said it we both almost fell over. *Those were the very words of the prophecy* given so many years before—the one part we had never fully understood.

It seemed that God constantly added more calls to “Go!” I had thought it was enough dashing back and forth across this nation, trying to reach all the places calling for chapters and chapters. But God knew what He wanted when He put upon my heart the burden of airlifts. It was a ministry not of my choosing. Years before, a group of us went many places—Africa, South America, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, Cuba, Haiti—and had tremendous meetings. But we didn't call them airlifts until 1965 when we went on our first big organized airlift to London. There were three chartered jets full of people, and I was in charge of the group leaving from Chicago. They asked me to take charge of a group going on to Sweden afterward, though I had no special desire to go.

We entered the seaport city of Goteborg, Sweden, and had some wonderful meetings there. One afternoon as Harald

Bredesen was speaking, the thought hit me and I said aloud, "Lord, what in the world am I here for?" The moment I said that the Spirit of God came down and with it came a tremendous burden for that part of the world.

That was a mystery to me at first. Why *there*? They are intelligent, educated, progressive people, having many churches. Why not Africa or other places where churches are scarce? Now that we have concluded our eighth airlift, however, the answer seems clear. The move of God's Spirit that took place first in Sweden, then spread to Norway, Denmark and Finland, has now overflowed into Germany, Austria, Holland and Belgium and soon it may reach into France and Portugal.

These airlifts have opened wide the doors of opportunity for the Full Gospel message. Men in those nations have now caught the vision and are planning their own airlifts to neighboring areas. I thank God today that He put this burden on

my heart—and on theirs.

My heart is thrilled with the realization that FGBMFI has been given the privilege of having a part in God's plan for these countries. Now I understand why He put the burden upon my heart to go there rather than to other parts of the world.

Not only have these airlifts been a blessing to many in the areas visited, but they have been a wonderful blessing to those who have made up the airlifts' personnel. They return saying they will never be the same again, for they have seen God at work—not only in the hearts of individuals, but in whole nations.

Today I challenge hundreds of men to join in future airlifts—men who will join, not for a sightseeing tour or a vacation, but because *God has put it on their hearts to "Go! Go! Go!"* and take the Good News to every nation, tribe, and tongue. There are many that have yet to be reached. ■

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# VOICE

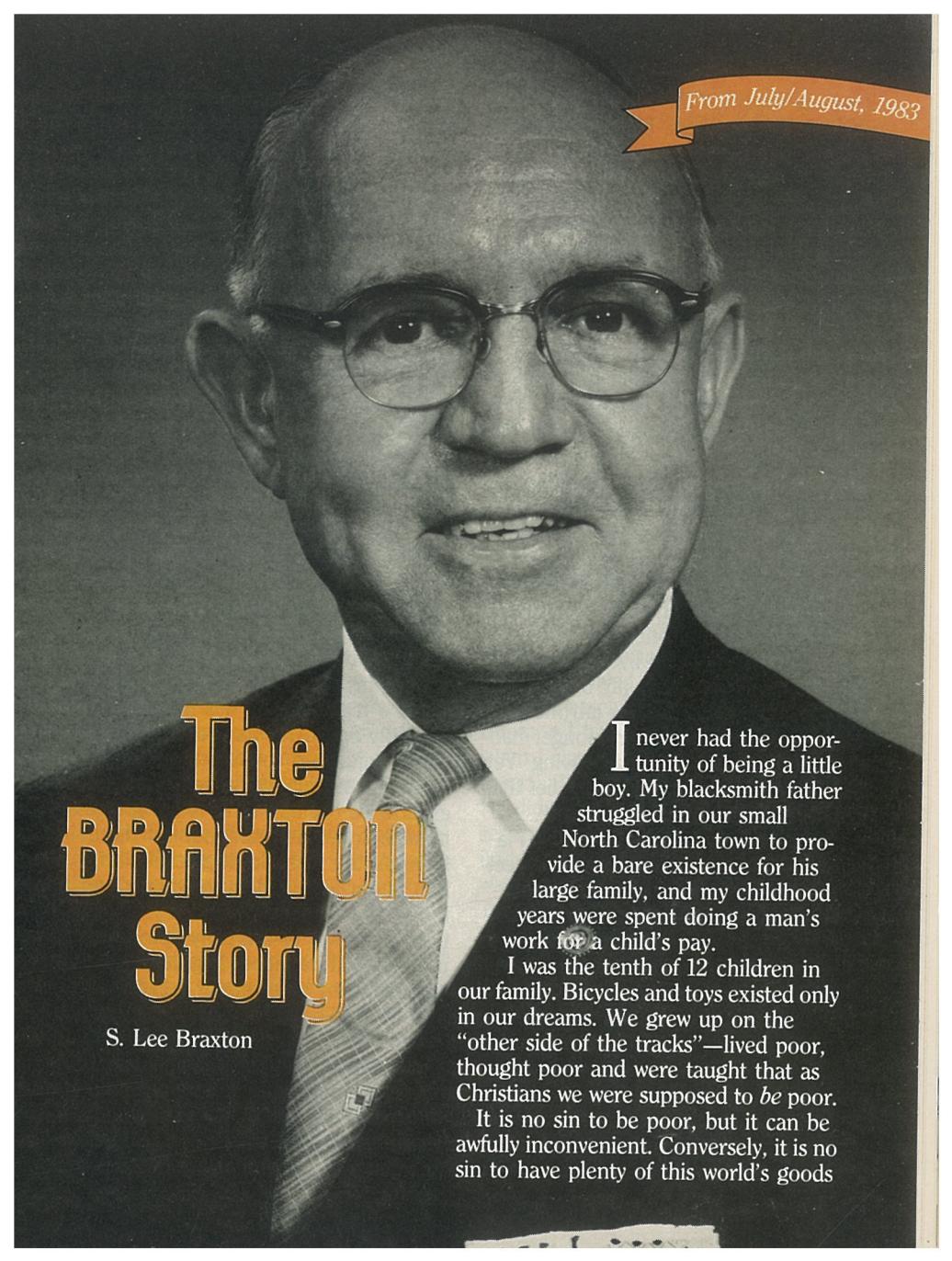
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**WHO WE ARE** Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people everywhere being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community. That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching 115 nations and transcending denominational, racial and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write: Chapter Department / FGBMFI / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.





From July/August, 1983

# The BRAXTON Story

S. Lee Braxton

I never had the opportunity of being a little boy. My blacksmith father struggled in our small

North Carolina town to provide a bare existence for his large family, and my childhood years were spent doing a man's work for a child's pay.

I was the tenth of 12 children in our family. Bicycles and toys existed only in our dreams. We grew up on the "other side of the tracks"—lived poor, thought poor and were taught that as Christians we were supposed to *be* poor.

It is no sin to be poor, but it can be awfully inconvenient. Conversely, it is no sin to have plenty of this world's goods

if we use them for the purpose for which God gave them. But quite a few years were required for me to learn that.

My sister began taking me to Sunday school when I was five. Scrubbed and dressed in my scanty best, I never missed a Sunday for seven years (eight, except for an attack of appendicitis that put me in the hospital). There was an attendance contest with a shiny bicycle as prize. My dreams were shattered when I found they wouldn't give me credit for the Sundays I was ill.

Today that doesn't sound like such a world-shaking affair, but then it hurt more deeply than anyone, except someone who has known a deprived childhood, could understand. My reaction was quite violent. At 14 I quit school, ran away from home and away from Sunday school and church.

For three years, alone in a strange and unfriendly world, I lived without a purpose, trying to make my own way, having no faith in myself or anyone else. My Christian upbringing no longer had any real bearing on my daily living. Yet I still clung stubbornly to the belief that there must be a better way to live.

One evening when I was about 17 a group of us boys went to a revival meeting we'd heard about. We didn't plan to go inside, just to hang around the church and poke fun at the "holy rollers." Standing on the outside looking in, I saw for the first time in my life people who seemed genuinely happy. I was fascinated.

As one at a time they told of great things God had done for them, a strange feeling came over me. I didn't know that anybody in the world was really happy—especially Christians. My

early training had given me the impression that the longer the face the more spiritual the soul. When a young man told me how God had set him free from the cigarette habit something said to me, "Here is what you have been looking for."

I listened spellbound as the powerful words of the preacher carried me back to Sunday school days and lessons learned about Jesus. From all over that church, sinners came and knelt around what they called the "altar bench." When I saw the glow on their faces it seemed everything good and worthwhile was inside...and I was outside.

The next night I was back at that little pinewood church, but this time I went in, determined to find what those people had that made them so happy. I found it, kneeling at the altar, where Jesus met me and forgave my sins. Someone real and glorious entered my life and my happiness knew no bounds.

A few nights later I was filled with the Holy Spirit. He has been my never-failing guide and comforter all these years. To be truly converted and to experience the new birth is the greatest miracle known to mankind, but the infilling of the Holy Spirit gives a Christian power and wisdom to witness and to live the Christian life. In my estimation the power of the Holy Spirit, when used as God intended, is greater than atomic or any other power. I cannot put into words what this experience has meant to me. I just praise God for the baptism in the Holy Spirit and for speaking in tongues (Acts 2:4).

One day about 15 years ago I was flying my single-engine plane over some rugged terrain when a piston rod broke

in the engine. I was not within gliding distance of any open field or landing place. I barely got over some 65-foot



trees into a small clearing and, not knowing if I would survive the landing, the last thing I said audibly was, "Thank God for the Holy Ghost."

The plane was completely demolished; however, after 37 days in the hospital I was released with no permanent injuries.

Many times as I have met with high officials in Washington, D.C. on business matters such as seeking a charter for a new national bank, I have been given the right words to say which I did not think of beforehand. I believe this was the wisdom of the Holy Spirit. If space were available I could use it all in telling about this wonderful experience. The main reason I felt led to accept membership on the founding board of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International is its special emphasis on the baptism in the Holy Spirit and its witness for Christ to other businessmen.

A few months after my baptism I enrolled at Holmes Bible School in Greenville, South Carolina. I had no

money, but that particular school accepted students by faith if they wanted to come in and share the common table. Usually we had food (sometimes we didn't), but we all had faith and believed God would supply our needs.

We hear much about faith, we read volumes about it, but actually I think we know very little about the kind of faith of which the Bible speaks. The Lord has seen fit to give me many lessons in sheer faith. Some have been pretty rugged, but I thank Him from the bottom of my heart for every one of them.

Upon leaving that school I returned to my hometown, with a railroad ticket purchased with borrowed money. In those days before the general use of automobiles and airplanes, travel by rail was the ultimate. I had to change trains in a little town about eight miles from my final destination and a boyhood friend who lived there came to see me between trains. Trying to be helpful and thinking I had forgotten my luggage, when I started to get on the train he asked, "Lee, where is your suitcase?" He didn't know that all my earthly possessions were in the pasteboard box under my arm. Let me assure you that was really an embarrassing experience. Travel on a train without a suitcase was unheard of.

When the train pulled into the depot of my hometown, Norma (the girl I later married) was there to meet me. Again I was most terribly embarrassed, as a local boy who been away at school and had come back on the train, to disembark with my clothes in a little box under my arm. Not wanting to be seen that way with the girl I hoped

would be my future wife, I got the station agent to keep the box in his office until I called for it.



*The Braxtons celebrate their 50th anniversary.*

Right then a hatred for poverty began to creep into my heart. I felt certain that somewhere, somehow, God had something better for me. In fact, it began to occur to me that surely God had enough and to spare for His children, and that even if having *plenty* might be sinful, as we had been taught, He wanted us to at least have *enough*.

Norma and I were married (by faith plus a loan of \$50). God blessed our home with four lovely children, none of them born in a hospital because we couldn't afford it. Many times our meals were pretty scanty, but we never failed to give thanks for whatever we had. I had learned the power of prayer and faith in God while in Bible school—that “all things are possible to them that believe.” Now I began to seek the key that would open the door to God's storehouse of blessing, for I felt certain it contained plenty for all.

The opportunity to put this into practice came soon after we were mar-

ried. My first business venture ended in complete failure, with the loss of our home and furniture. We moved to Whiteville, North Carolina, and another business failure sent me to my knees.

It had taken quite a while for God to bring me to my knees—and to my senses. Now I told Him about my dreams, my hopes, my failures. It was really a pitiful tale of trying to do things in my own strength and my own way instead of in His strength and His way. I gave up that night and entered into a partnership with God.

It was almost unbelievable how things suddenly began to turn in my favor. Profits began to increase. I expanded my little repair-and-parts shop into a complete auto-parts store. We were very careful to give God the glory for all the increase. The business prospered beyond our wildest dreams until we not only owned our own home but also had 30 rentals and a wholesale auto-parts business. I held an official capacity in 22 different companies besides, and had an annual gross income of more than I had ever dared to dream. I organized the First National Bank in Whiteville and promoted the building of a radio station and a modern hotel. My fellow citizens elected me to several terms on the city council and as mayor, and by appointment of the governor I served on the state planning board.

This didn't happen overnight, of course. Nor do I suggest that there is a pat formula that causes success to drop automatically into a man's lap. Neither is it the easiest thing in the world for a human being to trust God when there seems no outward supporting evidence. Sometimes we must *unlearn* some

things before God can get through to us. God had to give me some real jolts before He was able to show me what faith was all about and convince me that receiving the blessings of a loving God didn't necessarily impugn one's spirituality.

Material goods and civic honors were very pleasing. At 44, having reached what many call success, I was preparing to retire. Still, the material things of life that seem so important when one lacks them did not satisfy the desire of my soul. I had made God a promise, but had become so absorbed in business it seemed I was not doing very much to fulfill that promise. So as rapidly as possible I disengaged myself from the business ventures that required my time and began looking for an outlet to serve God.

A Christian doesn't have to look very long or far if he really wants to be a witness for His Lord. While serving as mayor of our town it was one of my duties to hold Mayor's Court. There I learned a good deal about what it means to be a witness.

Straight and true testimony is a very important thing. Many times the witness carries more weight than a skilled attorney, although the attorney has his place. The witness is not required to know all the law or to interpret it. He need not be a teacher, preacher, attorney or any specially trained person. All he has to do is tell what he *knows* and what he *saw*—not what someone else told him. Jesus gave an example of a good witness in John 3:11: "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen."

Christ said, "Ye are my witnesses."

Two things happened to me at about the time I began earnestly to seek a way to get out where the spiritual action was. I met Oral Roberts, and I met Demos Shakarian and FGBMFI. Since that time there hasn't been a moment that wasn't filled to overflowing with active service for my Lord. Nor has there been a day when He did not bless my life.

Flying my own plane back and forth across the United States, hopping from revival campaign to FGBMFI convention, new chapter meeting or board meeting, I have logged tens of thousands of miles in the air and been able to minister person to person and heart to heart with thousands of people.

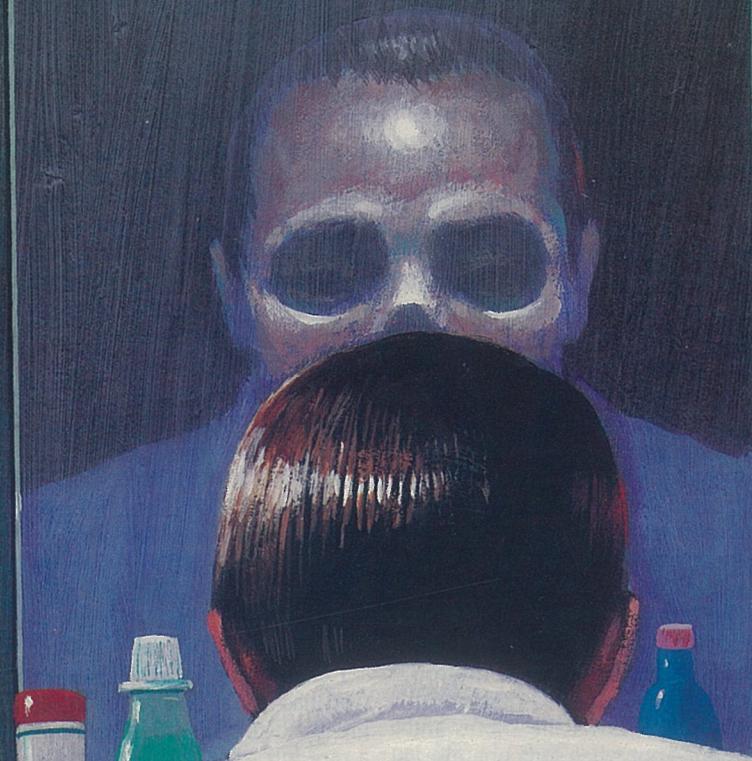
I can never thank God enough for His blessings upon my life and for having called me as a Christian businessman to be His witness. This doesn't mean I've reached "the end of the rainbow" or that there are no more tests of faith. As long as we live on this earth such tests will come, but God is abundantly able to give us the victory.

I have found there are two important laws of life: the law of *faith* and the law of *compromise*. That which you might gain through compromise of your convictions will never satisfy you, nor will you be able to retain it. But that which you hold onto by faith will bless you and you will be able to keep it.

I challenge you with this thought: God has something better for you—a greater degree of wholeness in Christ, a new job, an opportunity to serve Him in a wider outreach. Whatever it is, *lay hold on it by faith* and claim the victory that is yours in Christ. According to your faith, so it will be done unto you. ■

*From May, 1991*

# FACE TO FACE



Tom Battle  
Kingwood, Texas

Staring at the mirror, I was shocked by what I saw staring back at me. I was face to face with death. My face looked like that of a corpse. The pale, hollow look of death glared at me through my eyes in the mirror. The encounter I had with myself that morning in early 1985 was a startling spiritual experience that shook me with the reality that I was in the grip of death.

I had been up all night, mostly locked in my bathroom, snorting cocaine, smoking marijuana and tobacco, drinking wine, and swallowing pills. I had realized I was extremely addicted to drugs. I could not deny that fact. There had been times when my heart had gone into sporadic pulse rates and had even stopped beating because of the chemicals that I had put into my body. On those occasions I would run down the halls of my house in order to get my heart to beat. Cardiac arrest and death is a common end for cocaine addicts.

Before that morning, I didn't really know where I would go if I died. I had even considered suicide to the point of placing a loaded and cocked .357 magnum pistol to my head. The uncertainty of what lay beyond death and a concern for my family were the only considerations that had prevented me from pulling the trigger.

After having seen the face of death in the mirror, I had a spiritual awareness that went deeper than thought. I became aware that physical death would not put an end to the hell that I was going through. To the contrary, physical death would have left me forever in the state that I saw in the mirror. If I had committed suicide, I would have locked

myself into a terrible condition and place—the condition of death and the place of hell! Suicide would not have been an end. It would have been an eternal magnified continuation of my tormented state. The spirit of death would have had his victory over me and I would have remained his prisoner forever.

I grew up in Milledgeville, a town of some 10,000 population in central Georgia. Early in life I became success-oriented, and embraced the belief that if I could make enough money I would be a success in life. At that time none of the members of our family were born-again Christians, so I had no Christ-centered role models. This story will tell you how I finally came to know the truth and how that truth set me free (John 8:36).

I fell in love with Schar, the loveliest girl in Central Georgia and we were married before I entered Georgia Tech. Graduating with a degree in industrial management, I entered the petroleum business and worked for Shell Oil Company for four very rewarding years before entering the lumber industry.

Jesus Christ came into our family when my older brother, Bob, was saved in a most unusual way.

Bob was operating a service station and living at home when he became sick with the flu. My mother who was caring for him, asked if he wanted anything special. "Yes," he said. "I would like to have a science fiction book to read." So she went downtown to the bookstore and asked for one. The lady clerk brought her a copy of Hal Lindsey's *The Late Great Planet Earth*.

"Are you sure this is a science fiction book?" Mother asked. It didn't look like one to her. The clerk said it certainly was.

Bob read it and it convinced him that the Bible was true. When he got on his feet again, he attended a little Assemblies of God church and was saved. A few days later while riding to his service station on a bicycle the Holy Ghost came upon him and he received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

Mother was inquisitive and returned to the bookstore to talk with the lady who had sold her the book that caused her son to be saved. She could not find her. The manager told her that no person fitting the girl's description had ever worked there. She could have been an angel.

Mother proceeded to go to Bob's church. She later received the baptism in the Holy Spirit at a camp meeting.

At that time neither Schar nor I had ever claimed Jesus as our Lord, but the Holy Spirit was at work through my brother and mother, and that unknown person who was praying for us all along.

**M**eanwhile, our son Brandon had come down with a cyst on his brain. When they dismissed him from the hospital we were told that he would live, but would require special care for the rest of his life. The growth in his brain had left him mentally damaged. Subsequently he was placed in a state-run special day school for children with his kind of handicap.

One day I received a call from the head of the school. "Mr. Battle, we can't keep your son in this school," the principal told me. I immediately interrupted to

inform him that I was a taxpayer and my boy had every right to be there.

"You don't understand. Your son did have every right to be here. But tests we have made cancel out his eligibility." I took a deep breath wondering what was going on. He continued, "These tests prove that your little boy is not mentally handicapped, but is a genius. He does not belong here."

Schar and I rejoiced. We were not yet Christians, but we were as thankful



as we knew how to be. Only when we came to know God did we understand what was behind this miracle.

My mother who was newly baptized in the Holy Spirit had regularly cradled our little boy in her arms and claimed healing Scriptures over his body, and prayed in tongues for complete recovery. Later, the child's first understandable sentence was "Thank You Jesus for healing Brandon." He was truly healed. He had led every class academically during his entire school years. Now in high school, his scores place him at advanced college level. I say all this, not to boast

about my son, but to boast about my Lord Jesus Christ who healed him.

**S**till pursuing the success goals that I had set for my life, I got out of the lumber business in Georgia and returned to Texas where I became a crude oil trader, then became head of domestic crude oil development for Tesoro Petroleum Corporation where I began to make increasing amounts of money. I was moving up in the world.

**“My Bible reading had me aware of God and I wanted to do something for Him to redeem myself. I had not yet learned of God’s grace.”**

The drinking that I started at the young age of thirteen had also advanced to hard liquor with steadily increasing consumption.

After working for a time with another firm, I decided it was time to move out on my own. With partners I formed Merit Petroleum Company. We started in crude oil trading, then moved into oil exploration, some real estate and then barge transportation. The company was extraordinarily successful—it made me a multi-millionaire when I was thirty-two years old. But the fulfillment that I thought money would bring did not

come. I was emptier than ever. To fill the void I did a stupid thing—I started on drugs. A marijuana cigarette first, then stronger stuff, especially cocaine.

I turned to these chemicals to allay the increased spells of boredom I was experiencing. After the consuming goal of attaining wealth was reached, the resulting hollowness inside me cried for a fix. Cocaine did the trick, but then the same vacuous void would return after the high.

I began to make spur-of-the-moment excursions to Las Vegas. Often I didn’t even tell Schar that I was leaving and would return three or four days later.

Schar was a moral person, but like me she was unsaved. So she sought to kill the boredom with shopping sprees. No doubt, she spent a lot of time worrying about me because I was spending only about three days a week at home. But I gave her something to occupy her mind.

In Texas the visual sign of wealth is an expensive ranch or a sumptuous house in an exclusive suburb. So we began building a thirty-five room mansion in a proper community outside Houston. I virtually left all the burden of this tremendously heavy project on Schar’s shoulders. I had become a slave to addiction. I was a weighty cocaine user along with other drugs, a steady drinker, smoked three to five packs of cigarettes a day, subscribed to several porn magazines and was an adulterer.

All this was very stressful on Schar. Only thirty-six-years-old and seemingly in good health, she suffered a heart attack in 1982. During her recovery she was visited by a friend from our old neighborhood who had been saved

through watching "The 700 Club."

The friend witnessed to Schar and my wife accepted Jesus and was saved. But this wasn't enough for her. In the drawer where I had been tossing all the tracts and pamphlets that my praying mother had been sending me, she found a little blue book by Brother Kenneth Hagin on receiving the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

After reading it she woke me in the middle of the night. "Tom, Tom—you won't believe this. I've just been baptized in the Holy Spirit and have been speaking in tongues...another language." I

I groaned, "Honey, that's just fine. I guess Mother will be glad to hear that. Just let me go back to sleep and you can call her in the morning."

**O**n top of everything, my business was beginning to have new problems. More than ever, cocaine was my solution to short-term relief from executive pressures.

But even though I may have tried to appear disinterested, Schar's conversion and subsequent baptism in the Holy Spirit made a deep impression upon me. She was no longer mad when I came in late, or after a trip to Las Vegas. She was kind and demonstrated her love in every possible way. Her critical attitude ceased, and she just loved me more and more...although I did not deserve it.

This got my attention. When God fills a person with the Holy Ghost and sets them on fire with goodness and His love, others can't help but take notice. Love never fails (I Cor. 13:8). Like the burning bush that Moses saw in the desert, the beautiful fire of the Holy Spirit had entered into Schar's life.

Soon after that our son, Brandon, was baptized in the Holy Ghost and I could see wonderful changes in him.

I had to find out what was happening to my family. I had to investigate, so I bought a King James Bible and began to read it every day. It took a long time for the Word to get through to me, but I made no secret of my Bible reading. My best friend and business partner was dying of cancer. I would visit him every



day. He was wasting away and no one expected him to live very long. Although I was not saved, I was propelled into witnessing to him.

One day a freak thunderstorm descended on our town of Kingwood. I had never been frightened by a storm before, but this one terrified me right down to my toes. Suddenly I had a tremendous compulsion to go witness to Sam. I felt that if I didn't do it, I would not live out the day. So I made my way down the street to see him.

I opened by saying, "You know, Sam, I have been reading the Bible a lot

lately.” Although down to half his normal weight, he answered right back in a firm voice. “Yeah, Tom, I know you’ve been reading the Bible.”

“I read in there that if you believe on Jesus Christ as your Saviour you will go to heaven. Well, I look on it like a card game. If you believe on Him and it’s true, then you get to go to heaven. If it isn’t true, you don’t lose anything anyway.” I could tell that what I said about

**“I began getting rid  
of the things from my  
old life...  
porn magazines...  
vintage bottles of  
wine...”**

taking a gamble on confessing Jesus as Saviour got his attention. I could see a light go on. We had spent countless hours gambling at cards and he got the picture.

A few days later Sam went into a coma. I went down to see him, but the nurse discouraged me from talking to him, saying that he would not hear me. But I took his limp hand, and said, “Sam, you remember us talking about Jesus a few days ago. Well, I think you are going to see Jesus today.”

Although his eyes were fixed and staring, showing no signs of life, he

squeezed my hand so hard that it hurt. A big tear ran from his eye and down his face. Later that day he died. I didn’t understand it then, because I still wasn’t saved. But I now know that was the time my best friend received Jesus as his personal Saviour. Now I know for certain that God can even put words into a sinner’s mouth and use them to show a person to Christ.

You would think that such a precious experience would have turned me around and made me rush to give my heart to Jesus Christ. But it didn’t. My spiritual understanding had not been opened. My bereaved condition over Sam’s death and business problems brought on more stress and tension, and I actually increased my use of drugs. I was a closet addict, trying to conceal my addictions. Only those friends who also took drugs knew for certain that I was a user.

I quit going out or leaving town and spent more and more time at home. It was the only place where I could find peace. I wonder how Schar stood it. But instead of silently condemning me or openly fussing and fuming, she just loved me more. I later learned that she was claiming Scriptures over me in her prayers. One was Psalm 107:20: “He sent His word and healed them; and delivered them from their destructions.”

I was so disgusted with myself that on January 1, 1985 I made a New Year’s resolution to renounce drugs, alcohol and smoking. My Bible reading had made me aware of God and I wanted to do something for Him to redeem myself. I had not yet learned of God’s grace.

My New Year’s resolutions lasted about a day. I resumed my old habits,

in bondage to them as much as ever. For almost two months I continued in this sorry state, my confusion and disgust mounting.

**O**n Sunday, February 24, 1985 I reached my lowest point. I was a desperate cocaine addict, an alcoholic, hung up on pornography and addicted to smoking. Added to this multiple bondage, my business was shrinking. I was a broken man with my life hopelessly out of control.

I was trying to clean myself up, but was about to climb the walls. God had been dealing with me all week. When I had tried to do drugs something would just grab me and turn me around. I realize now that this intervention was an angel that God had placed beside me. Prayers for me were reaching heaven and God began to cause things to happen.

One Sunday morning, the realization that my personal life had been propelled by deceptions, hit me full force. Satan had told me there was fulfillment in trusting in financial success alone, in having 'highs' from alcohol and cocaine; lifts from nicotine; vile thrills from pornography and joy from the sinful indulgence of adultery.

That experience with the face of death in the mirror really shook me up and caused me to see that I had been deceived and had nothing to show for it but a ruined life and immeasurable hurt to my loving wife and family. I had the sickening feeling that I had been treacherously used by Satan for my own destruction.

I grabbed my Bible and said a prayer. I didn't understand exactly why I was

saying it, but clutching my Bible I said, "I'm so confused that from now on I'm going to live like *this* is the truth. I do not care what anyone thinks or how much I might be ridiculed! I am living my life according to what it says in here, as best I understand it. And because it says that Jesus Christ is the living Son of God, I believe it. He is my Lord and Saviour."

After I said that prayer the supernatural set in. Immediately, I felt the torment of chemical addiction lift as the divine presence of Jesus moved into me. Life moved in and death moved out. I had been born again and transformed into a new person inside by the power of the Holy Spirit. For the first time in my life I had an encounter with Jesus. It was wonderful and has been wonderful ever since.

That instant—that very instant—I was set free from all of my bad habits. He just pulled the desire right out of my heart. I didn't do a thing but open my heart up to Him. It was wonderful. I was set free! I had heard of thirty day cures and six month rehabilitation programs, but Jesus did it in an instant. He pulled out my heart of stone and gave me a new heart. I am living proof that Jesus does receive sinners.

I began to cry, and I must have wept for a week. I wasn't ashamed for it was a joyous cleansing. I began getting rid of the things from my old life. All the porn magazines at home and at the office were sacked, as well as some of the vintage bottles of wine costing over a hundred dollars each. With the help of my family we poured them all down the drain.

The next morning I had my secretary

cancel the subscriptions to all pornographic publications. I started emptying the office refrigerator of about a hundred cans of beer—the normal supply. This shocked my former business partner, but he later understood. I believe that is the way to do it. When God cleans you up—get rid of all that trash right then!

The two women in the office, my secretary and an accountant, were both Christians and were delighted with all this. A week later I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Shortly afterwards, the ladies in my office received

the same blessed Baptism.

I had always been told that the Christian life was dull and unexciting. But as a Spirit-filled Christian I have had the most exciting time of my life. In fact, it's unending, growing more wonderful all the time. My business problems did not go away, but Jesus is seeing me through. He is my first priority.

God has opened doors—including Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship chapters—all over the world for me to tell others about Jesus.

There is no high like the MOST HIGH GOD! ■

## **A CALL TO PRAYER** *A Battle Plan For The 1993 FGBMFI Boston World Convention*

A PLAN HAS BEEN GIVEN to us from the Holy Spirit. Each Fellowship chapter has at least one prayer meeting each month. We urge you to add one more prayer meeting during the month to pray specifically for the World Convention to be held in Boston, June 29-July 3.

IF A CHAPTER already meets weekly for prayer, then it would reserve one of these meetings for the World Convention. Come together for this special time of prayer to beseech the Father to pour out an anointing—first upon Boston; then upon the Northeast; finally southward and across the nation and on around the world.

IF EACH CHAPTER puts forth this effort of effectual, fervent prayer, how will our Lord respond?

*1993 World Convention Prayer Coordinators*  
RICHARD CROCKETT • RICHARD MORIN



## The 1950's

For four decades we have watched the Spirit of God move within FGBMFI. It has been His miraculous power that has brought us to where we are today.

It was a series of incidents in the life of Demos Shakarian during the forties, directed by the Holy Spirit, that brought about the birth of the Fellowship. They included some park and tent meetings, prophecies by Dr. Charles Price and two mass Pentecostal youth rallies—one in the Shrine Auditorium, the other in the Hollywood Bowl. When Demos called a group of Full Gospel businessmen together to raise finances for the rallies, the Holy Spirit revealed to him what could be done by bringing together Full Gospel businessmen.

After sharing the burden of his heart with evangelist Oral Roberts, the first meeting of FGBMFI was set up to take place at the close of the Oral Roberts Crusade in Los Angeles.

The first year was a continuing struggle. December, 1952 looked like the end of the Fellowship. Then came the night of prayer, the vision and overnight everything was different.

January, 1953, FGBMFI was officially recognized by the state of California as a nonprofit organization. February, 1953, *Voice* magazine was dedicated as the official publication of the Fellowship.

The early growth of the Fellowship was aided by many of the healing evangelists of the day, including: Oral Roberts, Tommy Hicks, Jack Coe, A.C. Valdez and William Branham. These

men were responsible for opening chapters, they were featured speakers at FGBMFI conventions and a constant inspiration to Demos and the leadership of the Fellowship.

The closing of the fifties was also the beginning of the Charismatic Renewal which was a sign of things to come for FGBMFI.

# FOUR DECADES OF FELLOWSHIP

(Right) Demos Shakarian and evangelist Jack Coe share greetings at the 1954 Washington, D.C. convention.



## The 1960's

The entire Christian world was shaken by the Charismatic Renewal. It left its mark on every major denomination and every country of the world. As one Charismatic leader said, "When you

look at the history of the Charismatic Renewal you can see a vital cord that runs through its entire history—that cord is Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International."

While riding the crest of the Charismatic Renewal the Fellowship became truly an international organization. As a result of the London Airlift and World Convention in 1965 doors opened around the world to the Fellowship. Fellowship members gave their testimonies wherever doors opened. As a result, we have 200 chapters in the British



**(Left) Healing evangelist Tommy Hicks and Demos. (Right) Minor Arganbright hands Demos a check for \$1000 to keep the Fellowship going. Voice editor, Tommy Nickel is in background.**



**From humble beginnings like the first chapter, shown below, today the Fellowship fills entire convention centers (left).**





(Above) London Airlift team before boarding. (Right) Meeting at the Royal Albert Hall. (Far right) Distributing Voice in Vietnam.



Isles and other chapters have opened in nation after nation.

Following London FGBMFI airlifts began to circle the globe. Henry Carlson began a series of airlifts to the Scandinavian countries. Simon Vikse joined him in a tremendous outreach to his homeland Norway. Then under the leadership of Enoch Christoffersen there were several airlifts to the Far East. And on and on they go with a focus on Russia and the Balkan countries at present.

Another highlight airlift was to Vietnam during the conflict there. Thirty-two Fellowship men traveled there and ministered to the troops, even those out on the front. God performed many miracles by opening the doors to ministry that were previously closed.

In the latter part of the sixties Ray Bullard, FGBMFI chapter president in South Bend, Indiana, opened his home to students and professors from Notre Dame University. After teaching and prayer, several received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Since that time some 70 million Catholics around the world have moved in the Charismatic Renewal.

## The 1970's

Television was one of the highlights of the seventies. The Fellowship had tested television in the sixties with a program called "Charismata in the 20th Century." There was a great interest in this and other programs that were tried. As a result FGBMFI started an extremely popular TV series entitled "Good News." At its zenith this program, hosted by Demos Shakarian, was broadcast over 150 television and 70 radio stations, as well as being featured on the newer CBN and PTL Christian cable networks.

There were also several prime-time TV specials produced by the Fellowship. These included: "The Happiest People On Earth," "Turning Point" and others. The special, "Good News America" produced by Steve Shakarian and directed by Denny Ermel won an Emmy Award. This outreach resulted in a huge number of spiritual results. It also brought

## The 1980's

the Fellowship to the attention of multiplied thousands of people.

The World Convention in the middle of the seventies had an attendance of 25,000 people. It was a true illustration of overall success of the Fellowship at that time.

The 1970's brought the release of the life story of Demos and Rose Shakarian, *The Happiest People On Earth*. This book, written by John and Elizabeth Sherrill of Chosen Books, has now been translated into more than 25 languages and has been influential in opening doors to the Gospel in places where it had been previously shut out.

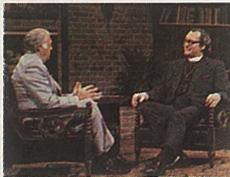
Airlifts continued in the seventies resulting in leaders in several nations finding Christ as their Saviour. This began to show a pattern of very special things to come for FGBMFI.

The eighties began with the dedication of a brand new headquarters building in Costa Mesa, California. The World Headquarters had been built at a cost of \$5,000,000. Oral Roberts gave the keynote address, Pat Boone served as emcee. Greetings were read from President Jimmy Carter and Anwar Sadat, President of Egypt.

After reaching all-time highs in every department of the Fellowship during the first seven years of the eighties, a time of testing and trial hit the organization. Men who had been trusted and held very important positions in the Fellowship, tried to to take the leadership away from Demos and finally control the organization themselves. After three years God brought victory and turned the problems around.

In spite of the difficulties experienced during this period, by the end of the decade FGBMFI numbered 2,646 chapters in the world, 1800 of these in the United States alone. Every month approximately 700,000 people met in regular chapter meetings of the Fellowship, while it is estimated that all the evangelistic ministries of Full Gospel touched the lives of over one billion people. ■

(Top right) Demos on the production set of "Good News" with guest Fr. Fullam. (Middle right) Oral Roberts at the podium with Demos. (Below) Dedication of new headquarters building (bottom right).



# FELLOWSHIP EVENTS

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**INDIA AIRLIFT (FROM U.K.)****Feb. 1993**

Contact: Tony John  
5 Lime Rd., Normanby  
Cleveland TS6 0DN, England  
(44) 642-461189

**ILLINOIS STATE REGIONAL CONV.****Feb. 3-6, 1993**

Holiday Inn, Rt. 36 W, Decatur, IL  
Contact: Howard Hite  
RR 1, Box 6D  
Dalton City, IL 61925  
217-874-2274

**PEACE RIVER MEN'S ADV.****Feb. 5-7, 1993**

Travellers Motor Hotel, Peace River,  
Alberta, Canada  
Contact: Bob Savage  
P.O. Box 884  
Grand Prairie, Alberta T8V 3Y19  
403-539-6468

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**EASTERN OHIO COUPLE'S ADVANCE.****Feb. 5-7, 1993**

Salt Fork St. Park Ldg., Cambridge  
Contact: Red Houston  
P.O. Box 1832, 19 Shawnee Ave.  
S. Zanesville, OH 43702-1832  
800-821-1110

**33RD WASHINGTON INT'L. REG. CONV.****Feb. 5-7, 1993**

Hyatt Reg. Crystal City, Arlington, VA  
Contact: FG BMFI Wash. Conv. Office  
4106 Sunburst Ct.  
Alexandria, VA 22303  
703-971-6115

**39TH INLAND EMPIRE CPL'S. ADV.****Feb. 12-14, 1993**

Ridpath Hotel, Spokane, WA  
Contact: H. Alfred Dunning  
N8510 Northview Ct.  
Spokane, WA 99208  
509-327-2703 W, 509-466-4579 H

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**SOUTH AFRICA NAT'L. CONV.****Feb. 23-27, 1993**

Johannesburg, South Africa  
Contact: Kwabena Darko  
P.O. Box 513  
Kumasi, Ghana  
(233) 51-3740, (233) 21-774902  
Fax: (233) 51-6126, (233) 21-772238

**CAROLINA MEN'S ADVANCE****Feb. 26-28, 1993**

Baptist Assembly Grounds  
Fort Caswell, NC  
Contact: James D. Smith  
103 Grayson Court  
Knightdale, NC 27545  
919-266-1756

**EASTERN U.S.A. REG. CONV.****Mar. 4-6, 1993**

Founders Inn, Virginia Beach, VA  
Contact: Wes Ropp  
14807 Waltham Dr.  
Colonial Heights, VA 23834  
804-530-1803

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**TENNESSEE MEN'S CAMP****Mar. 5-7, 1993**

Columbia 4-H Camp, Columbia, TN  
Contact: Wallace F. McCoy  
P.O. Box 70708  
Nashville, TN 37207

**MID-AMERICA REG. CONV.****Mar. 11-13, 1993**

Ramada Inn, Manhattan, Kansas  
Contact: Richard Napper  
811 Osage St.  
Manhattan, KS 66502  
913-539-3837

**INDIANA REGIONAL CONV.****Mar. 18-20, 1993**

Airport Hilton Inn, Indianapolis  
Contact: Jim Clark  
11722 Johnson Rd.  
Ft. Wayne, IN 46818  
317-846-6764

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**EASTERN ONTARIO RALLY****Mar. 26-27, 1993**

Days Inn, Kingston, Ont., Canada  
Contact: Leslie Running  
RR# 4, Lansdowne, Ont. K0E 1L0  
613-659-2157

**TRI-STATE CONVENTION****April 22-24, 1993**

Red Lion Inn, Modesto, CA  
Contact: Ed Faulkner  
335 Adeline St.  
Oakland, CA 94607  
510-834-5035

**AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL CONV.****May 1993**

Oasis Resort, Sunshine Coast  
Contact: Bernie Gray  
P.O. Box 67, 34 Old Cleveland Rd.  
Brisbane, Queensland 4120 Australia  
(61) 7-397-3557, (61) 7-394-1049

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**NEW ZEALAND NAT'L. CONV.****May, 1993**

Contact: Len Brijs  
P.O. Box 33,424  
Takapuna, Auckland 9 New Zealand  
(64) 9-444-9478, (64) 9-443-1063 Fax

**NO. NEW YORK REG. RALLY****May 14-15, 1993**

Contact: John Barone  
1114 Boyd St.  
Watertown, NY 13601  
315-788-7019 H, 315-782-7145 W  
805-322-5554

**SO. SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY MEN'S ADV.****May 14-16, 1993**

Sugar Pine Camp, Oakhurst, CA  
Contact: Robert Miller  
2512 K St.  
Bakersfield, CA 93301

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## 40TH ANNUAL FGBMFI WORLD CONVENTION JUNE 29-JULY 3, 1993

Boston Marriott-Copley Place, Boston, Massachusetts  
Contact: FGBMFI World Headquarters  
P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628  
714-754-1400, 714-557-9916 Fax

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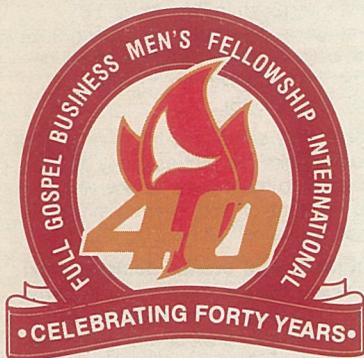
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*Forty years ago, Voice magazine began with a check for \$1000 and a printing run of 1000 copies. Today, hundreds of thousands of copies are printed monthly and distributed worldwide in 25 different languages.*

*This month, we pay homage to this Spirit-led past by sharing once again testimonies that even today attest to the working of the Holy Spirit in the lives of businessmen everywhere.*

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From: FGBMFI  
P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628-9949